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Pamphlets  
(1917)



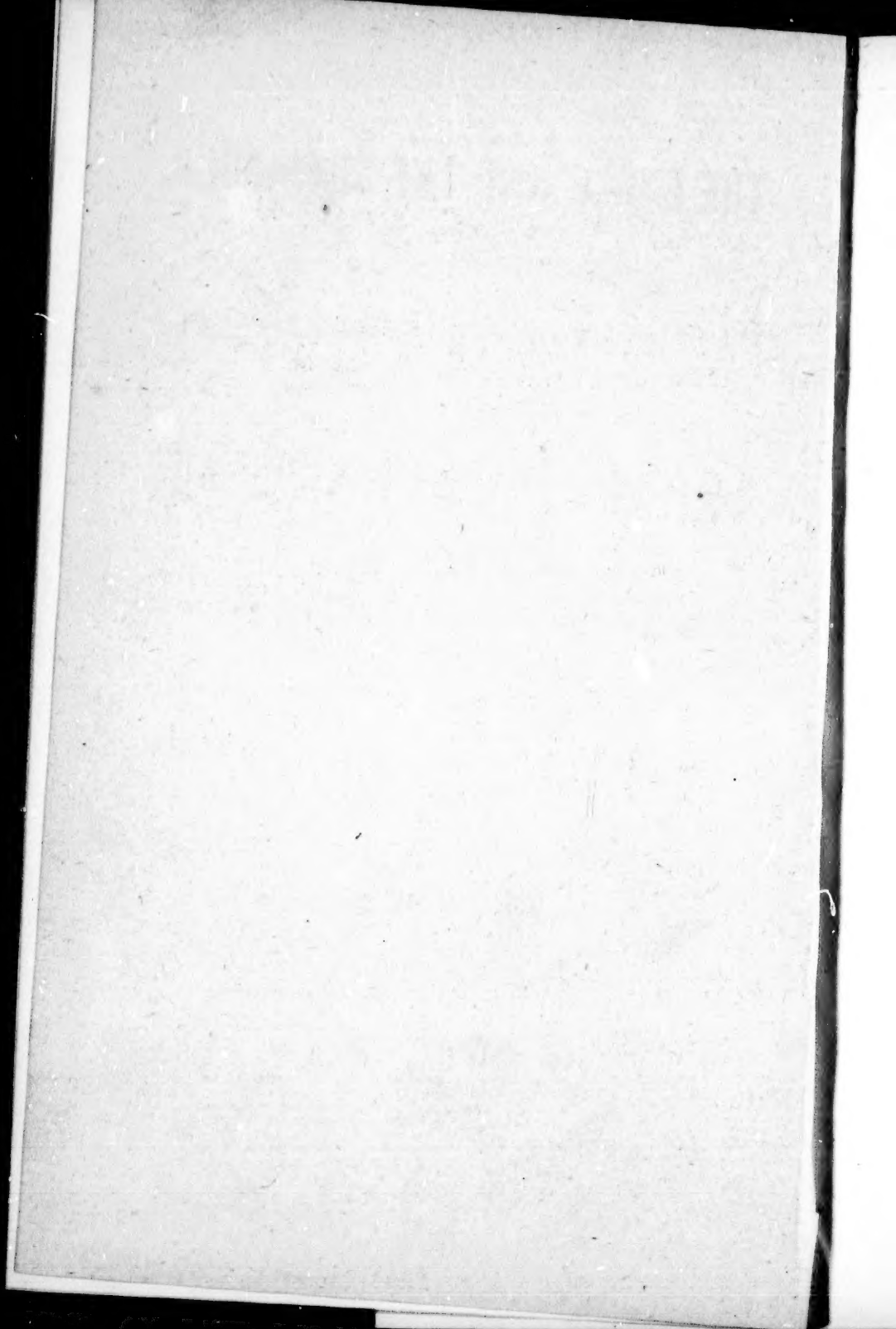
# THE EAGLE

AND THE

# SHAMROCK.



1886



# THE EAGLE AND THE SHAMROCK,

—OR THE—

ATTITUDE OF THE UNITED STATES

—ON—

## IRISH INDEPENDENCE.

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ADDRESSED TO THE INTELLIGENT MIND AND LOYAL  
HEART OF GREAT BRITAIN.

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*FIAT JUSTITIA, RUAT CÆLUM.*

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— BY —

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— OF —

NEW BRUNSWICK, B. N. A.

AT TOLEDO, OHIO, U. S.

MARCH, 1886.

**NOTE. \* \* \* \* \* Communications may be addressed to the author of this pamphlet, Lock Box 267, London, Ont., B. N. A.**

# THE EAGLE AND THE SHAMROCK:

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## ATTITUDE OF THE UNITED STATES

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# IRISH INDEPENDENCE:

ADDRESSED TO THE INTELLIGENT MIND, AND LOYAL  
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FIAT JUSTITIA, RUAT CÆLUM.

There are many persons of intelligence and rank in Great Britain who are believers in a *most dangerous* fallacy; *i. e.*, American sympathy for England. And the hour has come when the light of truth should be thrown upon it. England in her struggle to subdue the ever restless spirit of rebellion in Ireland has no sympathy in America. The people of the United States are heart and soul with the Irish, and with the people the administration dare not disagree. America swarms with enemies of Great Britain, and nowhere in North America—except in Her Majesty's Dominion—can the spirit of friendliness be found, and even there the emissaries of the enemy are hard at work. The press of the United States, managed on the great Amer-

ican plan of, "will it pay," and being otherwise thoroughly prejudiced, dare not, and will not publish, a word reflecting to the slightest degree on the "Irish cause," so called, and so believed by the masses. Everywhere the cry, "liberty for Ireland," is heard; on every hand flaming posters announce the mass meetings of the Irish National League; in every large city of America their meetings are presided over, and addressed by, prominent American citizens, Senators and Congressmen; Generals, Doctors and Judges swell the ranks of the Irish League. Hordes of Fenians and Hibernians—Ribbon men—parade the streets; the "Wearing o' the Green," and "Erin Ga Bragh," are heard so frequently that they seem to have become National airs. Ah! there is no sympathy here for England. There cannot be. This is the land of rebellion; the very principles of this government were conceived and brought forth in the throes of revolution. Here, they hate aristocracy. The standing of a man or family among them is based entirely on *money*; the rag picker in the street may, should he suddenly find wealth, become a *distinguished* member of society, there are no blood qualifications recognized whatever, they have no pride of ancestry here; for the ancestry of the first families does not antedate the steerage of the May Flower.\* They are opposed to all hereditary titles and the law of primogeniture; there are no established families amongst them, Mr. Jonathan builds a mansion to-day, dies to-morrow, and his son sells the property and "go's west." The spirit of socialism pervades

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\*The landing of the May Flower at Plymouth Rock, Massachusetts, 1620.

all things—Society, Church, State. Religion has become auxilliary to the great scheme of *money making*; the Clergy like the labor organizations frequently “strike for higher wages,” the standing of a clergyman is rated by the amount of salary he can demand. Society is in a fearful state of degeneracy; morality, virtue and religion is fast disappearing in the mighty maelstrom of vice and Atheism. Political corruption stamps every administration no matter which party is in power. The Constitution of the United States is in its self the embodiment of Socialism; it recognizes no superior but God and it pays but slight tribute to Him. “A government for the people and, by the people,” is but little in advance of Anarchy. The right of universal franchise is but a weapon placed in the hand of ignorance to strike back at the power that gave it, and although the American voter *boasts* of his liberty he is not altogether free, for the Electoral college plucks the plums from his pie and leaves but the crust for him to enjoy. Can there be sympathy for England in such an atmosphere? No! Can there be sympathy for religion, for pure and refined society, or for a noble and strong Government like that of Great Britain? NEVER! With whom or what does such a people—such a Nation—sympathize? I will tell you, with Fenians, Socialists, Nihilists and the bloody red commune of sin-cursed France. Like Socialism itself, Republicanism is strung together with the warp and woof of inconsistency. Whilst the Federal Congress at Washington is fashioned after England’s Parliament, a very large majority of Americans favor the abolishment of the House of



Lords, but do not for a moment entertain the idea of abolishing the United States Senate; and it was the unmistakable echo of *that sentiment* uttered in the Commons, a short time ago by that, *mephitis proletarius* member, and editor of a pseudonymous London Journal. The following quotation from the "New York Herald," of March 8th, 1886, verifies the statement. "The stern facts are that just as Lincoln aroused the Democrats in 1861 from their Bourbon slumbers, the Tories of 1885 yet dreaming that they live in the times of Spencer Perceval or the Duke of Wellington, are being awakened by Parnell, Gladstone and a Commons well leavened with American rather than French democracy." And this is but a mild example of the tone of the American Press; but it shows that the infamous motion of the "*Mephitis proletarius*," member, and American antipathy for England, are kindred spots on the same reptile. The diplomatic mind may question the propriety of this statement at this time, but I consider it due the loyal subject of Great Britain that he should know how intensely he is disliked by Americans. Here an English gentleman is called a "snob," and an honest mechanic, "an ignorant Johnny Bull." Hatred for the British, and a natural tendency to socialism, is one of the secrets of America's sympathy for the Irish. The American people cry out with the Land-leaguers and the Socialists—"Down with landlordism in Ireland," and they are as one voice with the Irish on the question of Ireland seceding from the Union of Great Britain, they seem to forget or disregard the fact that, but a little more than two decades

have passed since they had a bitter struggle amongst themselves against secession, and in the agonies of that struggle they showed their inconsistency in accusing England of aiding and abetting the Southern Confederacy: which was a false charge based on the fact that, Southern vessels had the same ingress and egress to all English ports, and transacted business with Englishmen, as vessels from the Northern States. A matter in which Great Britain—true in her allegiance to the law of neutrality—did not discriminate, notwithstanding the subsequent Alabama claims case and the result of the Geneva Tribunal. But how different the attitude of the United States; perfidious in the extreme—look at the conduct of the American government in the Canadian fisheries treaties, and its present, utter indifference toward the organization of the enemies of Great Britain throughout the United States. Startling as it is—I have reasons for believing—I have heard the Irish leaders in America assert it many times that, *when the first gun is fired in Ireland for independence, simultaneously with it will be heard the rattle of musketry all along the frontier of the Dominion of Canada.* Fellow subjects of Great Britain! Can you have faith in that government who, whilst professing friendship for England, is utterly indifferent for Her welfare? Can you call that Nation a friend whose Press throughout its whole domain refuse to publish a line containing the least sentiment of English sympathy, whilst *it devotes columns to the "Irish Cause"*? Can you say there is sympathy for England in a country where, should one address an audience advocating the

cause of England, he would be hissed off the platform ; or where the author of a pamphlet containing sentiments of loyalty to Old Britannia would be the recipient of threats of violence? You answer, No! There is no sympathy for England in that country : Well may you say that, for by the honor of a loyal heart I swear that the United States of America is that country ! People of England ; You do not know, situated as you are more than three thousand miles away, how intently the American Nation watches the political sky of Great Britain ; how every speech and sentiment of the Nationalist is applauded, whilst the sentiment of the Loyalist, whether Liberal or Tory, Protestant or Roman Catholic, is received with the spirit of uttermost indifference. The Irish squad in the House of Commons and their colleagues in Ireland are looked upon by the American citizen as the brave leaders of a patient people. Here the "4th of July." has lost prestige, whilst the "17th of March." is fast becoming a *glorious* day ; and the memory of such *pseudo-patriots* as Robert Emmet, Thomas Paine and George Washington, is fondly cherished. Here the Irish question has become almost the all absorbing question of the day. It is the common belief that the Empire of Great Britain and its Aristocracy is in a state of disintegration and rapid decay. Could you in England have witnessed the eagerness with which the people here sought those numbers of the "Pall Mall Gazette" containing editor Stead's obscenity, and have heard the sneers at English aristocracy, you would have blushed at the thought that you ever—for one moment—

entertained the idea that the people of the United States have *any* sympathy for England. Here the Royal family of England is only spoken of in terms of disrespect, and the man who dares to defend the honor of their name is scorned; and all this mind you, not by Irishmen alone, *but by native born Americans*. O, The atmosphere of American freedom is rife with the foul breath of socialism. Nihilists from Russia, Communists from France, Fenians from Ireland, and, with sorrow I confess it, a few hot-heads from Scotland—to whom I had the opportunity some time since to administer a good rebuke, in a reply to a speech by one Duncan MacGregor, before the Scottish Land League of America, at Chicago. Here this great horde of the enemies of Great Britain and of civilization, unmolested by the government, and fostered and encouraged by the sympathy of the people are fast developing into a well organized and *mighty element* that already menaces every government under the sun. Oh! The blindness of this American nation; can they not see that *their own government is also in jeopardy* by the presence of these canker worms of anarchy? God forbid that I should be the man ever to malign the people or the government of the United States, or that I should cause even one person, high or low, to entertain undue prejudice against the American nation; but I cannot stand idly by—although in the enemy's country—and hear old Britannia damned and her good name traduced without lifting my voice in protestation against the vile and pernicious assumption.

I feel that it is my bounden duty—as far as in me

lies—as a loyal subject of Great Britain, to admonish you who may perchance, have been mislead into placing confidence in a dangerous fallacy. Dangerous because, whilst the professed friend of Great Britain, the United States gives protection to Her enemies to organize against her. I am aware that our Government has produced the greatest diplomatists of the world, and that she is abundantly able to protect herself the world over, but it is also possible that whilst—in *such a precarious situation as a threatened Irish rebellion, abetted by American sympathy*, diplomacy may apply the soothing balms of peace without, whilst the fires of discontent are wildly raging within, perchance, soon to burst forth in all the fury of a thoroughly organized and violent revolution.

I have unlimited confidence in the ability and sagacity of a *loyal* British ministry to grapple any emergency, and I trust I am not so presumptuous as to pit my humble opinion against the wisdom and statesmanship of Her Majesty's government in affairs of an international nature, but this is a case which it does not require a Diplomat, nor a Statesman to discern. Here is one in the enemy's camp; he hears the steady tramp of troops pressing on to the front, he hears the command, "Forward! and the battle cry of, IRELAND!" The bugle-call and roll of drum, and the clang of arms and clatter of hoofs all remind him that battle is imminent; he needs not a courier to tell him, for the private in the ranks, is as sure of approaching carnage as the General officer in command. Thus it is with me; I am in the enemy's camp, and the unmistakable activity and pre-

paration for a coming struggle goes on around me, and whilst within my breast there is that assurance that the enemy will surely march on to a bloody defeat; there is an anxiety in my heart lest my friends be caught napping on their arms, not dreaming that the enemy is near and will attack them in the hour of unexpectedness. O! What should I do? Would to God I had the wings of the eagle that I might swiftly fly to them and give alarm, or that I might seize a horse and wildly ride into their lines: or that I had the voice of the thunder that I might call to them and arouse them from their danger; but I can have none of these. Shall I sit me down and silently wait until the enemy is upon them? No! I am fleet of foot. I shall steal forth from the enemy's lines and, like the stag pursued, bound away to them, and tho' I fall dead at their feet the alarm is given; the line is formed, the enemy comes to fall on the steel and lead that stands ready to receive them. And thus to you, dear Old Britannia, I fly; Though the humblest of all your loyal-hearted children, I bring that warning from the enemy's camp which, should perchance, you slumber on the arms you are so able to wield, may serve in arousing you to be READY WITH VISOR DOWN AND BLADE FULL BARE to receive the charge of the enemy.

To the loyal heart of Great Britain I appeal. *You must open your eyes* to the fact that, whilst Ireland, with its National League full of the spirit of *Papist bigotry and Protestant hatred*, is England's most bitter enemy, the Government of the United States is the friend of Ireland.



You must abandon all hope of having the good will of America. There are nearly sixty millions of people in the United States, and *of course there are those* who are friendly toward Great Britain, but their numbers are few ; it is thoroughly safe to say that, they are less than one-hundredth of the total population. What now remains for the *loyal heart* of England is UNION, harmony and strength. There should be no party faction upon the part of the loyalist. Liberal and Tory, one and all, *must stand united against the common enemy*: The Irish and their American colleagues. Once again I say, STAND UNITED like true sons worthy the proud legacy of British subject-hood. Britannia is the mother of the noblest civilization on the earth. Her throne is established in the sea, and the Bible is the solid rock of her foundation. There in majesty and glory she sits ; The light of the world, supported by the MIGHTY ARM OF HIM who made Her Sovereign, Queen defender of the faith, and on whose escutcheon of fidelity and strength is emblazoned *that* sublime motto of her trust, "*Dieu et mon droit.*"

GEORGE AMBROSE MCNEILL.

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